

#### A GROUP OF MIDWINTER MODELS.

Suggestions From Paris for Ultra-Stylish Gowns.

### HINTS ABOUT SKIRTS AND SLEEVES

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, January 23, 1897. After a few days in Paris I begin to get used to the imperative. Elsewhere it is, "Would you not like?" Here it is, "You sian dressmakers have become autocratic. and if one of their decrees does not begin "it is necessary" the only variation to be expected is a polite circumlocution for "you ought" or "you should." I am having "vous avez besoin d'avoir"—rattled off at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so often and so glibly that I feel at me so of the sound of the and if one of their decrees does not be-

draperies. There is a bertha of finely pleated net sprinkled with rose petals and pearls.

Another evening dress that seems to me there must come a bolero of some delicate, light colored velvet. the same tint as the skirt lining. This bolero requires embroidery in gold and s. You need a black satin corselet and dainty finish of white or cream colored lace at the throat, and then your visiting or reception costume is "commil faut," as it is necessary.

I cannot talk back to military greatness but I can spe the manners of my betters and play the despot in my turn. You are required, if you care to show yourself well abreast of the fashions, to wear your bodice trimmings high upon the shoulders. Puffings of ribbon or velvet and large ribbon bows stand erect. They are wired if they refuse to do so, for they must not flare at the sides. You will show your understanding of the situation if you have an evening bodice with a high wired colla m the shoulders, but this is not obliga-

### The Proper Sleeve.

You must be quick to catch the new lines of the sleeve. To gather it in at the shoulder without any rise to it, let it hang almost in a bag to the elbow, then tighten it gradually and not with any pinching exactness to the wrist and let it flare broadly over the hand, is the mode for next spring. Look at pictures of 1810 of the decade that Conan Doyle writes of in his newest book, if you need a more detailed description. There is less full-ness and more droop at the shoulder, a looser cut and with more curve and flexibility from elbow to wrist and a more daring outburst at the wrist than you get experimental, transitional sleeve of

Every bodice, jacket and cloak has a most enormously high collar of lace or chiffon; or if the collar is of silk or velvet, it is cloven. so that lace or chiffon can be

The sacque-back coat continues the favorite model in cloth or fur. It is better called a whole-back coat, for this better expresses what is really meant—that it has no seam in the back at all. Sometimes the front hangs straight also, but for

From Life.

NOT HIS FAULT.

"Pardon me, madam, but is one of the persons a man?"
"They are both women."
"Oh, Venus! Another arrow wasted!"

WHAT YOU MUST HAVE and gives a much better figure. Great numbers of bodices have these box pleats in front, coming below the waist, and they are becoming more and more the smiled-upon design.

For every evening bodice you must be prepared to squander material enough for two, the drapings are becoming so intricate. It is now quite according to rule to ! cate. It is now quite according to rule to combine, sometimes one might better say piece together, four designs, having the two fronts different each from each and from the two backs, which claim the same privilege. It is not easy to do this and achieve harmony, and perhaps that is why she who must be obeyed thinks it worth trying. worth trying.

Madame Paris, otherwise "she," sticks

the Thing.

There are no changes in skirts that are at all startling. The safest model at present is gathered on a thick cord about the hips, so as to throw the fullness behind. It is moderately full at the foot, and is far more becoming than those of yesterday, which stood out so formidably at the sides. Popularity of Baid. \*

You can make no mistake in using as

much braiding as possible. It is quite according to rule at the moment to have lapeis, epaulets, collars and cuffs of a light must have." The superiority of French shade contrasting with the dress, and on taste has been conceded so long that Pari- these to display black braiding in vermicelli or much involved arabesque patterns. Neither can you err, if you desire a cloak of ground length, in getting one of redin-

the need of passing it along. Therefore "You have need of" a velvet dress, for a beginning.
"I insist," borrowing my phraseology from the sources above mentioned, upon velvet: Black is good, dark blue is good, brown is better, dark green is best of all.
"You should" line such a dress with white silk or pale blue, yellow or water green. You should show the lining as you lift, and, that it may please upon exhibition, you must have unlimited frills inside the hem. With a skirt of this order "it is necessary" that you wear a silk blouse matching it in color. Over the blouse "Another evening dress the court of Spain. A robe of black net, glinting with gold and jewels, is lined with pink chiffon, and this again is cleverly draped in the loose empire style over a princess gown of black satin. A very short black satin bolero is lined with pink and edged with sequin lace; it is so cut as to meet on either side the opposite points of the fan-shaped epaulets in fluted and wire net that springs from the shoulders. Garlands of pink leaf-less roses cover the short sleeves and outline the square opening of the bodice. A few blossoms are strewn on the skirt draperies. There is a bertha of finely pleated net sprinkled with rose petals and pearls.

among the best now on exhibition is of very delicate old rose brocade, one of the smartest colors of the season. At one side of the skirt is a panel edged with gold and jeweled passementerle, and tied across with straps and bows of old rose ribbon. The same passementeric edges the fan-shaped bodice in front, which opens on the left side. A puffed bertha of old rose mouseline de sole is drawn about the shoulders, and peeps out from under the bodice fan and all the way to the ground from beneath the skirt panel. The short sleeves are of mousseline de sole, with garniture of roses.

A handsome visiting dress of silver graycorded silk is just ready for shipment to America. The bodice has a zouave of silver and jet passementerie lined with silk of a tawny mandarin yellow and having long, long-pointed hanging fronts, coming well dewn upon the skirt draperies. Two van-dykes of the same passementerie ornament the front of the skirt, which is otherwise the front of the skirt, which is otherwise richly plain. Epaulets in the form of small double capes, black satin bows to hold the zcuave in position in front and a broad folded belt of black satin are the only ac-

# Suitable for Easter.

Altogether different in style is a prome nade dresss for the Riviera, that favored land of sunshine from which I hope to be writing again very soon. It is warm enough at San Remo or Mentone to dispense with wraps very frequently in the early after-Leen, and so winter dress for that climate is not unlike what New York will see about Easter. The gown of which I am thinking has a skirt of olive green velvet. This is almost entirely covered by an overskirt of dark violet cloth which comes to the ground, but is caught up a bit on the right side. Arabesque embroidery in olive green cord borders it and covers the narrow belt of the skirt material. The bodice is a velet crossover blouse if such a term con be vet crossover blouse, if such a term can be allowed. It opens a bit in front to show a viclet cloth vest, and above it is a very short violet silk bolero with olive green embraidery. Fluted silk coallets govern the times the front hangs straight also, but for this there is only silent permission, not approval. One box pleat on either side of the front is according to the letter of the law,

white tulle at the throat adds the finishing touch to this study in blue and green.

'Tis a jump back again to midwinter to pass on to a skating dress buried in fur, and quite Russian in appearance. Warm and cozy it looks with its redingote cut of peppy red cloth edged with a deep border of mink fur. A mink cape with a high collar lies over the shoulder, its long pointed ends passing under the metal belt at the waist and hanging almost to the ground. In spite of its fur the dress is trim enough In spite of its fur the dress is trim enough for active exercise, but almost too warm for real skating.

Among the newest models is a very at-

Among the newest models is a very attractive dress for house wear. A robe of fawn-colored cloth with a narrow edging of gold cord embroidery opens upon a princess gown of rose-tinted moire. A broad sash of rose-colored silk confines the waist, and at the throat is a flat, pointed collar of cream-colored lace with standing collar of rose ribbons above.

A graceful dinner dress for a young girl

A graceful dinner dress for a young gir A graceful dinner dress for a young girl-just admitted to the pleasures of society is a princess gown of turquoise blue silk with tretelies of white silk set into the arm-holes in front, clasped by gold buckles on either side of the waist, outside of the white silk corselet, and hanging like long tash ends to the ground. From the high collar escapes a flaring ruche of white lace. The young Queen of Holland has ordered a girlish evening dress of pale yellow chine,

a girlish evening dress of pale yellow chine, the bodice draped with yellow chiffon and powdered with silver sequins. Garlands of rosebuds are the decorations. Dress at the theaters is rather good, but here is more than enough for now.

ELLEN OSBORN.

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is a thousand pities that mothers cannot appreciate their opportunities to develop their awkward and unprepossessing children into personable young men and woman. So often mothers say that certain of their children, usually a girl, is so plain, so awkward, so different that she keeps her in the background lest people will remark it. That is unkind, and all but cruel. Suppose the child's features are irregular, it is the soul behind that makes real beauty, after all. Much can be done to overcome some of the defects, if mothers too friently proof-reader. Mark was given by careful attention to the diet of the child. Thin, tatty hair can be made soft and pliable by washing, brushing and clipping. Defects in walking, which are often permitted to grow into positive deformity, can be corrected in youth. Stubby fingers and ill-shaped nails can be trained into tapered, well-conditioned ones with a modicum of well-conditioned ones with a modicum of care. Then the voice, so often shrill and harsh, can be made musical and pleasant with constant correction. Of course, all this takes time, but the recompense will come when the ugly duckling of the flock eclipses her more beautiful sisters in so-cety. Cultivation of the mind and soul is, after all, the ambition that should fire a after all, the ambition that should fire a mother's heart, and if she neglects to do it no amount of leauty training will avail her much.

Some people think that much brushing of Some people think that much brushing of the hair harms the roots and kills the young hair. There is undoubtedly some truth in this, for a very stiff brush irritates the scalp to bleeding quite often, and that is very bad. One woman who has beautiful hair says she uses a silk handkerchief on her head. She parts the hair and rubs the scalp with the soft silk, and then takes the long strands of hair between folds of the silk and rubs them vigorously. It takes out the superfluous grease and much of the dust, and leaves the hair shining like satin. Silk is best, because it is soft and will not break and roughen the hair.

Physicians say that there should be a

Physicians say that there should be a war commenced against tea drinking. They consider it almost as bad a habit for women as whisky for men. For the dyspeptic stomach or for a woman with "nerves" it is simply poison. Coffee is not so bad, but is best without cream or sugar.

A delicious banana dish is made as follows: Select large ripe bananas, wash and put in a hot oven in a bake pan, and bake till the skin bursts open. Take out and serve with butter and sait, as with baked potatoes, or as dessert or outre with powdered sugar and cream. dered sugar and cream. Ham fritters are very nice. Cold boiled

ham sliced thin, one egg beaten light tea-spoonful of milk and teaspoonful of flour, a bit of chopped parsley, or, if you like, a spoonful of cheese grated in. The the slices of ham in the batter, and fry a light brown in sweet fat.

Canned salmon can be made a very appetizing dish, if you only take time. Open the can and set it in a tin of boiling water the can and set it in a tin of boiling water for fifteen minutes, to steam done. Have ready slices of toast, nicely buttered, and tender. Also a white sauce made of milk thickened with flour and seasoned with butter and sait. Take a spoonful of the salmon and break it lightly over the hot loast and as you serve nour a little of the toast, and as you serve pour a little of the gravy over it. Don't smooth the salmon down, but break the lumps lightly with a fork

You who have a lot of highly polished brass things that take hours every few days to polish them up ought to be thankful for this recipe, which is considered quite perfect. Polish the brass things, andirons, condlesticks or doorknobs, then use this preparation: To half a pint of methylated spirits—alcohol—add half an cunce of shellac. It must stand a few days in a lightly corked bottle, shaken occasionally. Pour off the clear liquid for casionally. Pour off the clear liquid for use. Paint the brass with a soft brush, dipped in this liquid, while the brass is warm. It evaporates rapidly, and but little should be poured out at a time.

Not a speck of flour should be kneaded into bread after it has once been set to rise. Kneading more flour into the dough only adds unleavened flour to the mass and is almost sure to make the bread neavy, leaves the bread dry, and all because the yeast has no time to reach it. Bread crumbs are really better for breading oysters and cutlets than crackers, for they are not so tough and take up less grease than cracker crumbs.

"My daughter will know enough by the time she is married to become head cook in a swell restaurant, if such should be her a swell restaurant, if such should be her fate," said a wise mother not long since.
"That way lies good health, in my opinion. The woman who puts her meat to roast in a luke-warm oven in a puddle or water on the bottom of the pan, instead of into a hot oven, upon a rack in a pan, without moisture; who cooks steak in a pool of grease instead of broiling it; who cooks corn beef at a gallop till it is like a piece of leather oven, upon a rack in a pan, without moisture; who cooks steak in a pool of grease instead of broiling it; who cooks corn beef at a gallop till it is like a piece of leather of the cooks when I had the dollar."

derly browned, should be buttered evenly and set in the given to keep warm. Set the oysters simmering in their own liquor—they should first be lifted from the liquor into a colander and have a dash of cold water to free them from grit, and the liquor should be strained. In another pan have as much milk as is required for a sauce. When at the bolding point stir in one well-beaten egg to each pint of milk, a tablespronful of butter and salt to taste a tablespoonful of butter, and sait to taste at the last. Stir into the oysters, and stand in a hot covered dish on the table, to be ladled over the toast, as served on the hot plates.

eases, as well as colds.

The Tailor Explained How the Clothes Must Be Built to Be in Style. From the Chicago Post. The tailor stood the man up on the block and then stood off across the room to study the coat from a little distance. After two

AS TO THE FASHIONS.

Such a simple dish as oysters on toast is

too infrequent, when oysters are really cheaper than meat. Toast, nicely and ten-derly browned; should be buttered evenly

or three minutes of reflective observation he shook his head and took a look at it from another direction. Then he came closer, pulled it down a little here, puffed it up a little there, and shook his head again. "What idiot made that coat?" he asked

at length. "Don't you like it?" returned the man on

the block, very naturally offended at the The tailor shrugged his shoulders expressively.
"Oh, if the man makes no pretense of do-

ing fashionable work," he said, "it will pass. "But what's the matter with it?" de-

manded the man on the block.
"Everything," replied the tailor. "There is the collar, for instance." "Collar!" roared the man on the block.
"Why, that lies around my neck as snug
and even as any one could wish."

"No doubt," answered the tailor. "Then if you will turn to the glass you can see the absurdity of the back."

the absurdity of the back."

After a careful inspection the man on the block announced that it looked to him as smooth as a board.

"There isn't a wrinkle in it," he said.

"Very likely," responded the tailor. "And then," he added, "there is the crowning absurdity of the body of the coat and the way it hangs when buttomed."

"It's perfectly comfortable, not too loose and doesn't wrinkle," protested the man on the block.

"That is apparent to any one," admitted

the tailor.
"Then what's the matter with it?" "Why, principally just the points that I have enumerated," said the tailor. "To put

It more briefly and in a little plainer lan-guage, I might say that, from the stand-point of the present fashions, the fault lies in the fact that it fits. What you need if you are going into society is a coat that has been fitted to an open umbrella and that won't touch you anywhere except on the shoulders. If it looks well on you, you may put it down at once as decidedly out of date."

### MARK TWAIN.

He Narrowly Escaped Being Fired Because His Funny Stuff Was Awful.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. It is a Denver newspaper tradition that the funniest bit or journalistic work ever done by Mark Twain was strangled by a saloon-quite a noteworthy event in thos days in the Colorado town. He thought i would be furny to make his account of the festivities bear silent witness to the potency of the free refreshments dispensed. The article began soberly enough, but soon the diction became misty, then the spelling grew confused, and finally the whole thing degenerated into a maudlin, incoherent eulogy of the saloon keeper.

logy of the saloon keeper.

It was funny. Mark read it over and laughed until he cried. But the next morning when he eagerly scanned the paper he could not find his work. In an obscure corner he saw a two-line item stating that "the Alcazar saloon was opened with appropriate festivities last night." That was all

He rushed down to the office and inquired about his article. The managing editor knew nothing about it. The city editor couldn't tell what had become of it. The foreman sold he hadn't seen it.

As Mark was snorting about the "out-rage" and was running about the office

rage" and was 'running about the office trying to get track of the missing copy a proof reader slyly nudged him and said, confidentially: "You owe me a cigar." "How is that?" inquired the humorist. "I've earned it," was the reply. "I saved your job for you last night. May be you don't know how the old man here feels about such things, but he won't have it if he finds it out. He's fired three rien since I've been here—just that way."

he finds it out. He's fired three rien since I've been here—just that way."
"Just what way?"
"Why, just as you were last night, you know. Your stuff wouldn't do at all; it was simply awful. I knew if the old man saw it you were gone, so I fixed it up my-

# The Lost Cousin.

From the Youth's Companion A novel reason for curiosity was lately

given by a tall, lank westerner to a New England spinster on a southern bound train. The western man took the seat beside the New Englander, it being the only one unoccupied. She did not look at him. but, though her eyes were fastened on her book, she felt his gaze scrutinizing her

After a moment he sald, genially, "How dy do?"

The spinster glanced up from her book, and seeing the guilelessness of the elderly face, said, half-unconsciously, "How do you do?"

"I'm pretty well," replied the westerner "I'm pretty well," replied the westerner.
"And what might your name be, ma'am?"
"It might be anything, I presume," returned the spinster, with dignity, and yet not being able to feel exactly offended, "but it is Brown."
"Thank 'e," said the westerner, looking somewhat disappointed. "I hope there's no harm done by my asking."
"Certainly not," said the spinster, unbending a little in spite of herself.
"You see," explained the westerner, confidentially, "I've got a cousin about your age, I should judge, down in Georgia, that

fidentially, "I've got a cousin about your age, I should judge, down in Georgia, that I ain't ever seen; and I might come on her some time just by asking folks their names; and I don't ever expect to see her unless it is in jest some such way, ma'am." After which silence fell upon the two, until, half an hour later, the westerner spoke again as he rose, bag in hand. "I see a seat over there by a middle-aged lady," he said, "and I'm going to see if maybe she's the one. You see this cousin's the only living relation I've got, and I should like to run across her; but if that lady ain't the one, there's no use my trying any further in this car, for all the rest of the women folks are too young."

of the women folks are too young."

So saying, he went over to the other seat but a moment or two later he returned with a crestfallen expression on his thin face. "Sne ain't the one, either," he said. Then he sank into his seat and said nothing more till he geached his destination, when he bade the New England spinster "Good-by!" and departed.

# Always at the Wrong Time.

From the Chicago Post. Weary Will, who was sometimes known

s Beery Bill, had applied for a little financial relief, and the man to whom the application had been made thought he saw a chance to do a little missionary work.

# ONE'S OWN FIRESIDE

instead of letting it simmer gently till dote; who feeds her children on kiln-dried ples and muddy coffee, and her husband on angel food and gelatine messes, ought to be made to do penance with dyspepsia between perpetual pleadings for pardon to God, who made her human, but who sank her birthright to the level of the brute from ignorance." Preferable at All Times to Boarding House Life. The wise mother will provide her small

# BUT HOUSEKEEPING HAS MANY CARES

The wise mother will provide her small children's restless feet good overshoes or rubbers, so that they may play outdoors, at least a portion of the day, without danger of damp feet. A pair of warm leggings ought to be added, and these with a warm hood and a snug coat will place them out of danger of colds. It is very bad policy to coop children up in the house all winter, and they are much more liable to colds when they get infrequent sniffs of fresh Senora Sara's Good Advice to Young Married People. when they are much more liable to colds when they get infrequent sniffs of fresh air. If by chance a child's feet do get wet, pull off its shoes and stockings and give the feet a good hot bath, and put on dry coverings. Never sit yourself, nor permit your children to sit, with damp feet. It is a fruitful source of throat and lung diseases, as well as colder.

A CASE OF GIVE AND TAKE

Written for The Evening Star.

quit boarding and "Nellie knows nothing about housekeeping. and she is quite well fitted to shine in soci-

house in the northwest suburbs, but was struck with the wan, worn appearance of my once fresh-faced Nellie, not all of the

my once fresh-faced Nellie, not all of the suffering the new lines betrayed being put to the credit of the new baby, I felt sure. I dandled the baby till it went to sleep, and talked and used my eyes. One can't go into the house of even one's best friend and say abruptly, "They say you are unhappy. What is the matter?" But I didn't need any assurance of the fact. I could see it in Nellie's face, and I felt it in the atmosphere of the room. There was weeklold dust on the mantel scarf, the tidles were all awry, lint was visible under the unused big chairs and parlor tete-tete, and the piano looked as though its soul might have fied.

have fled.
"I have been wanting to see you," Nellie said, after she had scratched a place on the couch whereon to deposit the sleeping child. "I don't mind telling you that I am very unhappy, and I want some advice."

I thought of divorces and alimony and various other concomitants of unhappy married life, while Nellie was calmiy covering her offspring, and secretly wondered how the girl could be so composed, when she must feel that she was on the very edge of an abyss.

"Now, this house is a sight," Nellie said, with a comprehensive wave of her hands, as she sat down beside me, "but do you know I have not the slightest idea how to know I have not the slightest idea how to attack it to reduce it to a civilized condition? Every time I stir things up they get worse demoralized. I know that seems absurd to a capable woman like yourself, but it is nevertheless true. You know my mother's house was like a bandbox, but we had servants there that were born in my grandfather's house and grew up capable. An only girl among five brothers, as I was, doesn't have much opportunity to learn housekeeping, because there is too much fun going on, and my mother didn't like to worry with me, teaching me what a 'capable' girl ought to learn by instinct, as she thought. Mother died while I was in college, I married soon after graduating. as she thought. Mother died while I was in college, I married soon after graduating, and we boarded for six months, then I said it was time to have a home of our own, and we began buying this property. I may have made a mistake." she added, thoughtfully, and I saw tears in her tired eyes, "but it seems to me that married people ought to have homes. My home used to be so happy, when the hows were used. used to be so happy, when the boys were all there. Father and mother made it atve for our friends, and we had but little desire to go elsewhere. I wanted a home like that for my own, so that Fred would like to spend his evenings in it instead of in the club rooms, or the smok-ing room of a boarding house. I wanted first memory of our baby to be of ; pleasant home—do you think that I made a mistake?" she concluded, impulsively grasping my hands. "Is it not better for young married people to have a home of their own, to make a start at once, than to fritter away two or three years in

boarding house?" A Woman's View of Boarding.

Now, if there is any one thing in the world that I have opinions on of the most decided character, it is that boarding house life is demoralizing to young married people. It is bad enough for those who are old enough to have some sense, but it is worse for those who are just starting in life. Briefly as possible, I assured Nellie that she was right in theory, at least. Then I waited to get at the root of the trouble, feeling sure that she was going to trouble, feeling sure that she was going to make a clean breast of the whole business since she found me a sympathetic listener.
"I'm so glad to have you say that," she returned, as she dashed her handkerchief across her eyes, "so very glad, because most of my friends have discouraged me so

most or my friends have discouraged me so about it, and have told Fred that I was 'going off' in looks, and asking him if it was a housekeeper or a companion he wanted, till he gets perfectly savage over it, and threatens to go back to boarding again. You see, I figured it all out that by careful economy we could live within Fred's careful economy we could live within Fred's salary, and buy our house at the same time. When we boarded we lived the salary quite up, and had nothing to show for it but—indigestion," she added, with a teary smile. "We have the indigestion yet, I fear but at least we are cetting our bear. it but—indigestion," she added, with a teary smile. "We have the indigestion yet, I fear, but at least we are getting our home paid for. Fred says he doesn't mind the bad cooking or the other inconveniences that he is too kind to say my ignorance puts him to, but he declares that he can't and won't endure seeing me breaking down. Now give me a good strong dose of ad-Now, give me a good strong dose of ad-

"Have you no servant?" I asked, hesitat-

ingly, because, you know, it was really a delicate matter.

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied, with a nervous little laugh. "I have had six in two weeks. If I could only write a book on my experience with applicants for service with me, Mark Twain wouldn't be in it with the reputation I would get as a hyperical. The

me, Mark Twain wouldn't be in it with the reputation I would get as a humorist. The girl I hired yesterday Fred 'fired' this morning, as he puts it. He went into the kitchen to hurry up his breakfast and found her using my solid silver forks for stove lifters. She said it wouldn't hurt them, because they were solid. 'If they was plated, of course, it would wear them off,' she remarked, complacently. Fred told her his patience was yery thinly plated. told her his patience was very thinly plated with good nature, and he couldn't stand that, so she left the fork in the griddle and the steak on the broiler and flounced off. The worst of it is, we are running behind. I am sure that we ought to be able to live

comfortably and have a balance each month on Fred's salary, but there seems to be a leak somewhere."
"Perhaps' it is mostly in the kitchen," I suggested, knowing how easy it is for in-competent servants to waste the best of materials.

Mediag Star.

HE IS NOT HAPpy," I heard one lady
say to another, speaking of a young
friend of mine, maring of mine, married little over two years. "No; she was I have not found one that will. I pay good reared a lady, and should have married a gentleman of leisure." was the response.

"I think they may a large and my kitchen is a marvel of modern conveniences, but that seems to have no effect whatever on the servants. They know I am ignorant, and they presume upon it, that is the amount of it. Our greery bills are enormous, yet we do not have many luxuries, and our tastes. "I think they made not have many luxuries, and our tastes a mistake when they quit boarding and were married. The handsomest of this I housekeeping," chimed in a third, have rever taken from the boxes in which knows nothing about housekeeping. It was presented. But although I have it was presented. But although I have had my new linen in use but about a year, ety. I think her husband must be a selfish brute to want to the her dame to the last lady of the kitchen informed me that the towels were 'all' and that nearly

duced circumstances, but wide home-keeping knowledge, who was delighted to find a safe harbor under such pleasant conditions. Eright, sensible Nell, with the energy that marked her determination to have a real home, has taken her "medicine" bravely, and her pretty pariors are as spick and span as the inside of a china cup. She keeps them so herself, and care and Nell are utter strangers, because she has learned to husband her strength, to use it economically, and she drives her work instead of letting it drive her. Fred would sooner think of a ward in St. Elizabeth's than rooms in a boarding house, now, and so would any other man of sense. Marriage is something of a lottery at best, but the couple who must enter the married state as inmates of a boarding house are daring fate and inviting disaster to many of the highest hopes and noblest aspirations of the human heart. If those aspirations of the human heart. If those state as a simple state as the sapirations of the human heart. If those sould married it impossible to set the suddent disastrous results. The cecural idea of married life should be the home, and you may be sure that the couple who appear to scorn this idea, and prefer existence in a fashionable and prefer existence in a fashionable and ecozy home, have not the right ideas of a cozy home, have not the right ideas of a cozy home, have not the right ideas of a cozy home, have not the right ideas of a cozy home, have not the right ideas of the altar, and that lawyers and divorce courts are lurking in the horizon. Not every woman is a sensible as Nell, in grasping the situation, and far too many men are like Fred, and jump at conclusions which may lead to much more unboth to married life would be productive of vast good, and you may be sure that the couple who appear to scorn this idea, and prefer existence in a fashionable and ecozy home, have not the right ideas of a cozy home, have not the right ideas of the harm and you may be sure that the couple who appear to scorn this idea, and prefer existenc to many of the highest hopes and noblest aspirations of the human heart. If those who would marry find it impossible to set up a home of their own the wise and sensible thing to do is to wait till the time comes when they can do it. While men do not marry because they want house-keepers, they do have a hazy idea that a home would be a pice thing to possess and home would be a nice thing to possess, and the central figure of home is a wife. They seek the wife, too early sometimes, before judgment is formed or they have any con-ception of the responsibilities of married life, and this leads them to select for a companion young immature girls, who are pretty to look upon, sweet of disposition, perhaps, but unlettered in homely accomplishments, a grievous fault of the age, but who appear well in society, and whose education is all that could be desired in golfing, wheeling, tennis nad other ath-letic sports, though the correct swing to give a broom to produce the best results or the force necessary to reduce a tough beefsteak to an eatable condition by applying a "pounder" is Greek and Hebrew to them. After marriage, what? For a couple mated in that manner, a small house, even a tiny bird nest of a flat, is out of the question. Boarding is the only alternative. The wife is ignorant of housekeeping, and it is much "cheaper" to board. There are boarding houses and boarding houses, some of them good, many of them utterly bad, and the bad ones are not all in the cheaper category, by any means. The young in-experienced woman finds as her associates they sow seeds of doubt in her trusting heart and give her volumes of advice about managing a husband. The couple dare not show the natural affection they feel for each other, for fear of being laugh-ed at for a pair of "spoons," and the little quarrels that would be forgotten in an hour in a pleasant home, or perhaps never have occurred, are discussed and magnified by the woman of the boarding house, to whom the young wife unconsciously unbosoms herself, and thus the first rifts come in the perfect harmony of married

Selling Happiness for Society. All this time the new wife is learning absolutely nothing about the management of a home, and they are saving nothing, really are further away from their first ideals than when they married. Many, very many, of the "incompatibility" di-vorce suits and the pleas of "non-support" have grown out of the seed sown in the boarding house life of young married people who were selling happiness for alpeople who were selling happiness for alleged society. It is true that the newly wed do not always find happiness in house-keeping. In Nellie's case, for instance, it was not the boarding house life that had caused her unhappiness, but her lack of knowledge of housewifely duties and her unadaptibility. The remedy for this can only be applied by the sensible young woman herself. The very best man living will not put up with a slouchy, slovenly wife who shirks her responsibility, and he is right not to do so if he does his part as a producer and gives ner enough money to a producer and gives ner enough money to run his home. Married life is a game of give and take, and there is no way of making a home happy where only one of the firm is interested in it.

Every woman who contemplates mar-riage should make herself thoroughly acquainted with a housekeeper's duties, may be that she will never have to her hand to perform any of those duties, but if she knows all about them herself, she can tell the instant the cook tries to impose upon her, or the maid neglects her work. A wife should know how to

No matter what the color or condition of your HAIR-streaky, BLEACHED or GRAY it can be made beautiful, glossy and actum of

Imperial Hair Regenerator. It is clean, coloriess, hasting, does not contain an atom of poisonous matter. Buths do not affect it, pelther does carling nor crimping. Incomparable for the REARD on account of its cleanliness and

No. 1 Black.
No. 2 Dark Brown.
No. 3 Medium Brown.
No. 6 Gold Blonde.
Price, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

Imperial Chemical Mig. Co., 202 Fifth ave., N. Y. In Washington, sold by PALAIS ROYAL.
APPPLICATIONS MADE AT MARLBOROUGH PARLORS, 1110 G 81, N.W.

save her husband's salary as well as how to spend it. There is neither happiness nor comfort in the home of the woman whose cook takes her best napkins for iron holders; where fringed towels are used for dish cloths; clothes whipped to rags in the vagrant winds; tea, coffee and spices are left open to lose their strength; coal is wasted, because unsifted; dough left thick on the molding board; scraps of meat left to decay, when savory entrees might have been made of them; vegetables flung into the garbage that would have served as a made dish or for salad; soap left to melt in the wash water; thware rusted through careless drying; carpets spoiled through negligent sweeping; draperies ruined with dust; handsome china needlessly chippedsave her husband's salary as well as how dust; handsome china needlessly chipped-oh, there are thousands of little ways that "leaks" such as Nellie complained of can go on endiessly, unless the housewife is keenly alive to them, and knows how to of a house and baby," and the wise young matron, whose husband gets a \$1,500 salary, inadequate by half for the style they support, sailed off to her hired carriage, and I changed my plans and went to pay Nelle and her new baby a long-deferred call. The pay house in the northwest suburbs, but was struck with the wan, were strucked at the corners."

A Simple Remedy.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that I discovered that Nellie's unhapplness could be cured by a cook, outside of the is before marriage, at home, where she will have every opportunity to test her accomplish ments without disastrous results.

The ceveral time to them, and knows how to apply the remedles herself. These things can't be learned in a boarding house, and the fact of the matter is, attention to such small matters is rather scorned by the inmates of boarding caravarsarsies. The time for the would-be bride to learn them is before marriage, at home, where she will have every opportunity to test her accomplish ments without disastrous re-

SENORA SARA.

WAS TAKING NO CHANCES.

The Woman Was Willing, but Jim Was Suspicious. From the Detroit Free Press.

Dark had just settled over the Ozark when the writer rode up to a sharty and dismounting, rapped on the door. A woman soon made her appearance and in a harsh voice asked what was wanted. "Can I get lodgings for the night,

ma'am?" "Who be you?"
"A traveler on his way to Jonesville."
"All alone?"

"Ride up a lectle clusser and lemme see what sort of a lookin' critier yo' are. Might be better and might be wuss. Ar' ye a married man?"

"Yes'm."
"That settles it. Stranger, I don't think I kin take ye in."
"Is your husband away?"
"I'm a widder with three children, sir. It's five miles to the next shanty, and it's a dark night and goin' to rain purty soon, but a woman has got to look out fur herself out yer." self out yere."

"Why, ma'am, I hope you are not afraid of me." I protested. "Not the least mite, stranger, nor of any in the new life a lot of worldly-wise wives, who fill her head with nonsense about a husband's duties and the proper spirit that a husband's duties and the proper spirit that a situashun. Jim Conover has bin sparkin' me iur three months. This is one of his sparkin' me iur three months. This is one of his

may not, but if he finds a stranger in the house he may marry the Widder Jones. I'm a-dola' my best to git him, and I don't want no accident to happen."

"Couldn't you stow me away in the gar-

"Hain't got no garret, sir "Only two rooms in the fouse?"
"That's all. Even if ye was asleep ye might git to snorin' and Jim would be skeered off. You kin see the fix, stranger?"
"Yes, and I will ride on. I shouldn't want to come believe the come want to come between you and your

chance. "That's good of you, sir. I want to show hospitality, and yit I want to git another husband. See!"

"I do. Give me a light for my pipe and I will go on, and if I meet Jim I'll..."

"Jest say that yo' stopped at the Widder Jenner's to ask th' way, and that yo' wonder why forty different men hain't crazy to marry her. That's it—yo' know yer gait, and now scoot before Jim shows up!

His Strange Resemblance.

From Tid-Bits. A certain farmer, who is by no means noted for his resemblance to Apollo, has a

son of seven who possesses more wit than pedigree. One day a stranger came to the "Sonny, where's your father?"
"In the pig pen," was the reply.
"In the pig pen? Thanks!"
And, as the man moved in the direction indicated, the boy shouted:

"I say! You'll know him, 'cause he's got

One Favor Asked. From the New York Weekly.

Poor author-"And is this all I am to have from the sale of my book?"

Wealthy publisher—"That is the regular percentage, sir. What more do you want?"
"Um—well, I'd like the loan of your turnout and coachman for an hour or so."
"Hunph! Where do you want to be taken?"

"To the poor house."



"I wonder why Mrs. Templeton wears such a wry To harmonize with her husband's rye nose."-Life.